THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 11.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1809.* [VOL. I.

FOR THE VISITOR.

AN ESSAY ON PRUDENCE.

(Concluded from our last.)

How much more judicious and praiſe-worthy would it be in a mother, who, inſtead of teaching her daughters to look up to the opinion of the world as the ſtandard by which they ſhould regulate their actions, would tell them that ſo far from aſſuming this ſtandard for their conduct, that "in order to gain in any valuable ſenſe the ſuffrage of the world, we muſt ſhow ourſelves in a certain degree ſuperior to this ſuffrage;" that morality is founded on the immutable and unalterable nature of things; and that no action is entitled to praiſe unleſs it reſults from reflection and principle, unleſs it proceeds from a kind and beneficient intention. How much more commendable would it be, inſtead of teaching them that they are never ſafe but when they are out of the way of temptation, to inſpire them with a virtue which no temtation could ſhake or undermine, to tell them that a fearleſs confidence in the ſtrength and ſtability of their principles was their beſt ſecurity againſt vice, and that thoſe cold maxims of calculating prudence were only uſed by the weak to ſhield themſelves from the danger they were conſcious of being too feeble to reſiſt? How much better would it be, inſtead of teaching them the practice of diſſimulation, and perſuading them to hide their defects to teach them to have no defects, to inſtruct them to look with horror upon every thing like hypocriſy, & to believe that candor and ſincerity are among the firſt and moſt indiſpenſible requiſites in the female character, among the higheſt ornaments that can adorn it.

If this courſe were purſued in the education of the fair; if they were inſtructed to love virtue for virtue's ſake; if they were trained to habits of frankneſs and ſincerity and taught to feel a proud and dignified confidence in the firmneſs and integrity of their principles, that want of candor, that deteſtable art that ſo frequently deforms the female character would deform it no longer, and ſhielded by the impenetrable ægis of virtue herſelf, they would have no occaſion to call in the ſubordinate aid of prudence, the contemptible reſort of thoſe who are too weak to truſt themſelves, and whoſe principles are too looſe and unſtable to withſtand the teſt of temptation.

Unfortunately, however, there are too many of thoſe ill-judging mothers, who purſue a courſe of inſtruction calculated to ſuperinduce, on the minds of their daughters, habits of deception and inſincerity, and to make them imbibe falſe ideas of the importance and neceſſity of prudence. They proceed firſt by impreſſing them with the idea that prudence is a great and ineſtimable virtue. So it is, when reſtricted to the definition we have given; but this is not the definition that mothers always give. A cautious prudential mother, who holds virtue to be nothing more than calculation of chances, tells her daughter that whenever it becomes neceſſary for her to act, ſhe ſhould regulate her conduct according to the opinion ſhe thinks the world will form of it, and calls this prudence: inſtead of teaching her to be invincible to temptation, ſhe tells her to miſtruſt her powers of forbearance, to fly from danger rather than to ſteel herſelf againſt it, and calls it prudence: inſtead of inſtructing her to avow her ſentiments with independence, ſhe tells her ſhe ſhould conceal every feeling of her heart, every ſentiment of her mind, whether cenſurable or praiſe-worthy, which does not meet with the decided approbation of the majority, and calls this prudence; and thus, the deluded victim of her inſtruction, having been told that prudence is a virtue, is taught to annex ideas to it, entirely erroneous, which renders its practice in the higheſt degree reprehenſible, and makes it a vice rather than a virtue. Under the influence of this mode of inſtruction ſhe becomes a worthleſs example of pauſing, factitious prudence, timidity and deception, a ſlave to the opinions of the world, ſuſpicious of her own virtue, and practiſing every art of diſſimulation to conceal thoſe deformities which a judicious courſe of education would have taught her to amend. If her conduct be ever correct, it is never deſerving of eulogium, for it is not the reſult of reaſon and principle, but either of her own cold and formal maxims of mechanical prudence, or of the ingenious contrivance of her mother, and the effect of circumſtances artificially arranged by which ſhe is duped, ſurpriſed and cheated into virtue.

Mothers, however are not the only perſons who purſue this artificial courſe of inſtruction, and inculcate theſe falſe ideas of prudence.—Rouſſeau and many other writers on education ſeem too much inclined to this pernicious and abſurd ſyſtem, and although the laudable efforts of Godwin, Edgeworth, and ſeveral other modern authors, ardent in the cauſe of virtue have been exerted with the moſt energetic reaſon, with the keeneſt ſatire to expoſe its abſurdity, it ſtill retains too much of popularity.

Thompſon ſeems to be one of thoſe writers who inculcate this timid, contemptible ſort of prudence that we ſo much reprobate. In his Spring he very ſeriouſly forewarns the fair that they ſhould not

> "In the bower
> Where woodbines flaunt and roſes ſhed a couch,
> While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
> Truſt their ſoft minutes with beſtraying man,"

for fear, I ſuppoſe, that their virtue is too weak, and too flexible to reſiſt his inſiduous artifices, and not yield to the temptation to which ſuch a ſituation would expoſe them. This is very prudent advice, and might be highly uſeful to a woman who is conſcious of the weakneſs and laxity of her principles; but to a woman who feels the dauntleſs dignity of inflexible virtue, would not ſuch advice be the groſſeſt, moſt unpardonable inſult? Would ſhe not diſdain the idea of liſtening to ſo degrading an admonition, and would not the firm confidence ſhe entertained in the ſtrength and integrity of her principles tell her that ſhe had occaſion to dread no ſituation where it was in the power of virtue to ſupport her, and that virtue itſelf is manifeſted rather by reſiſting temptation when we are placed in it, than by flying from it with trembling and contemptible timidity? Moſt certainly! Virtue is bold and intrepid. It repoſes on its own ſtrength, and never dreams that it can be deſtroyed or overthrown. Wherever it exiſts there is no occaſion for the exerciſe of that prudence we here ſpeak of: It is only where it is entirely wanting or exiſts only in a very feeble degree that this ſort of prudence is valuable. Had there been no other uſe in the ſhield but to protect the body from wounds, it would have been folly in Achilles, who was ſaid to be invulnerable, to uſe one. It is only the weak and vulnerable who require them. The man who knows his attachment to liquor is apt to lead him into intoxication, & refrains from taſting it on that account, is a prudent man; but he does not diſplay that fearleſs and inflexible virtue that excites our eſteem & admiration. This would be better evinced by indulging himſelf in drink; but ſhewing, at the ſame time, that his reſolution and his command over himſelf were ſufficient to prevent him from proceeding to an exceſs that would be dangerous. He would then prove that there can be little occaſion for prudence where there is virtue.

In war, politics, commerce, trades and profeſſions, prudence is an invaluable quality; but when it is made to extend to morality, its practice is attended with dangerous and ſometimes fatal conſequences. In morality we ſhould not ſet too great ſtore by it. We ſhould not conſider it as too many are apt to do, as a ſubſtitute for every other virtue, or practice it upon too many occaſions? It is an excellent aphoriſm that "*a labouring* to be prudent often undermines ſincerity." To this effect might be added thoſe of making us miſtruſtful of our own virtue, and ſlaviſh to the opinions of the world.

In fact, whatever may be ſaid of prudence, taken even in its beſt ſenſe, it is a quality valuable rather to the weak than to the ſtrong, more uſeful to the vicious than to the virtuous, and better calculated to ſecure from cenſure than to excite admiration,. The character of a man who has no other quality to recommend him but prudence, is, by no means, one to which we look up with great reverence or veneration. He is tolerated rather than approved, and looked upon with indifference rather than with love. He ſeldom makes an enemy, and never has a friend, and though his conduct is uniformly correct, it ſeldom acquires eſteem or deſerves applauſe.

The prudent man is no were ſo happily depicted as in the character of Sophron the Prudent in an Eſſay in Johnſon's Idler. That profound, elegant and judicious moraliſt who has elucidated every ſubject he has touched, has ſo completely illuſtrated this, in the eſſay we allude to, and ſo well deſcribed what prudence is, that we cannot forbear quoting his opinion.——— "Prudence," ſays Johnſon "operates on life in the ſame manner as rules on compoſition; it produces "vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loſs, than procures "advantage; and often eſcapes miſcarriages, but ſeldom reaches either power or honor. It quenches that ardor of enterprize, by which "every thing is done that can claim praiſe or admiration; & repreſſes "that generous temerity which often fails and often ſucceeds. Rules "may obviate faults but can never confer beauties; and prudence "keeps life ſafe but does not make it happy. The world is not a- "mazed with prodigies of excellence, but when wit tramples upon "rules, and magnanimity breaks the chains of prudence."

My object in declaiming ſo vehemently againſt prudence, is not to depreciate the value of that quality, but to point out the errors which have ariſen from giving it two high importance in our ſyſtems of Ethics, from annexing to it improper ideas, from uſing it as a ſubſtitute for other virtues, and from indiſcriminately confounding it with diſſimulation & vices with which it has no connexion. Prudence conſidered as "wiſdom applied to practiſe" is a good and great quality; but the error of attaching improper ideas to it has, I believe, been productive of evils in ſociety, which call forth the ſincereſt compaſſion of the philanthropiſt, and demand his exertions to eradicate them. Under ſuch impreſſions, I have endeavored to expoſe thoſe errors and point out their remedy, happy if I can make one convert to my opinion, or ſnatch one individual from the fatal gulph into which ſo many devoted victims have been precipitated.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

The vanity of an author is almoſt proverbial: but he who publiſhes at a premature age has eſpecially to guard againſt the raſh tide of prejudice and the pleaſing ſeductions of ſelf-love.

The inſinuations of Flattery have two warm an advocate in the human heart to meet with much ſerious reſiſtance.

Indiſcriminate praiſe and variability of principle are little reſpected, becauſe their price is ſo generally known.

Thoſe who exerciſe their talents merely for gain, may always be ſuppoſed to take the neareſt way of acquiring their reward.

Ignorance and envy are the chief traducers of merit: the one cannot eſtimate it properly, and the other labors to depreciate it.

It is to be lamented that candor and liberality ſhould be ſo much impoſed upon: to abuſe goodneſs and forbearance ſeems like offending againſt the attributes of the Deity.

In cenſuring the conduct of others with too much ſeverity we ſeem to forget that we are formed of the ſame frail materials ourſelves and may poſſibly want the charity we have denied.

The aſperity of wit creates uneaſineſs in the minds of our friends, and never fails to excite the worſt malice of our enemies.

It is frequently the caſe that many moraliſts and mathematicians who are beſt able to inſtruct others, are the leaſt capable of communicating their own ideas.

Vanity and Intereſt inſinuate themſelves ſo alluringly that it requires great ſelf denial to prevent their gaining too powerful an influence.

He who envies the merit of another makes a tacit acknowledgment of his own inferiority.

A freedom from artificial prejudices, and the exerciſe of an unbiaſſed judgement, form the baſis of a truly independant mind. Z.

"A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

"*Falls townſhip, Bucks County,*
State of Penſylvania, 3d October, 1807.

"About the year 1774, I diſcovered a very ſurpriſing, and unaccountable phenomenon, in a limeſtone quarry of mine, at White Marſh, in the county of Montgomery, of this ſtate. I was employed in ſplitting a ſolid rock of limeſtone; which was about three feet long, two broad, and two deep, and without any viſible fiſſure. It was taken about four feet below the top of the quarry: and the top was about three feet below the ſurface of the earth. In ſplitting it, I diſcovered a red toad near the centre of the ſtone, alive and plump!—and perhaps had lived there from the creation or the deluge; for the ſtone around the cavity, (forming a ſmall priſon juſt big enough to contain it) was of the ſame red colour of the little animal itſelf. How it came there and when;—and how it ſubſiſted there without meat, drink, or air, is the inquiry, and one I cannot very ſatisfactorily reſolve."

T——I——"

Several inſtances of this nature have been recorded to the aſtoniſhment of the philoſopher; and I have ſeen no attempt to account for ſuch occurrences—To account for it—it ſeems neceſſary to obſerve, 1ſt. that toads, frogs &c. are animals that are torpid during a certain degree of cold. Suſpended animation from cold in man, has been reſuſcitated, it is ſaid on or after the ſixth day;—and John Hunter, ſuppoſes that if it were poſſible for the body to be frozen ſuddenly, by an inſtantaneous abſtraction of heat, life might be ſuſpended for years, and, reanimated at pleaſure. 2dly. That naturaliſts have obſerved many facts which confirm the authenticity of Moſes's account of the deluge. And it appears that the bed of the ocean with its ſhells have by ſome dreadful convulſion of nature, become the higher parts of our lands. So dreadfully "were the fountains of the great deep broken up"—and our continent depreſſed into the waters of the great deep on which the Pſalmiſt declares them to be founded till the higheſt hills were no more viſible. That the lands were ſo depreſſed appears evident from the weight of the atmoſphere equalling 30 inches only of mercury, or 32 feet of water. So that if our whole atmoſphere was converted into water,—it could not probably raiſe the ocean more than 32 feet, which would be far ſhort in overflowing the ſummits of the Andes, or indeed our loweſt hills. The tree trunks ſtanding upright in the Chowan river of North Carolina, and the ſtump of a tree cut with an axe above 10 feet under the ſurface of the earth, and the axe nearly eaten up with the ruſt, near the ſame river, ſhow that this level extenſive country, is between 20 and 36 feet higher now than it was formerly.—3dly. Chalk, is ſaid to be a calcareous depoſition of the ocean, which by duration is converted into the carbonates of lime of great ſolidity. It is alſo probable from the various kinds of pebbles, ſhells, and ſmall flints found in rocks, that the earth is convered with its pebbles into ſolid rocks, by ſome natural proceſs.

Having premiſed theſe things---it is not improbable that frogs, and toads in their torpid ſtate, have laid under cover ſince the deluge; in chalk till it was converted to limeſtone, and in dirt or mud, till it became a ſolid rock; where the temperature of their place of confinement was two low to reſuſcitate them. The inſtant they are expoſed to the ſtimuli of the air, ſo viviſying to new born infants, they wake as from a laſt autumnal nap, and rejoice in the light of day and the warmth of the atmoſphere.

STERNE's LEGACY.

The writings of Sterne have been juſtly cenſured, on account of the levity they contained; the following anecdote, however, is highly creditable to the character of that celebrated ſentimentaliſt.

After he had been inducted to the valuable living of Coxwold, in Yorkſhire, on the preſentation of the late Earl of Fauconberg, a poor widow, of the moſt unblemiſhed character, being at the point of death, expreſſed a wiſh to receive the holy ſacrament in her laſt moments. The ſentimental paſtor was accordingly ſent for; Sterne inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; and, the ſolemn ceremony being ended, he ſaid with a moſt benignant ſmile—"What do you intend to leave me in your will, for this trouble?"—"Alas! Sir," replied the dying woman, "I am too poor to give the ſmalleſt legacy even to my neareſt relations."—"That excuſe," cried Sterne, "ſhall not ſerve me; I muſt inſiſt on inheriting your two children; and, in return for this requeſt, I will take ſuch care of them, that they ſhall feel as little as poſſible the loſs of an affectionate and worthy mother."

She expired bleſſing the benevolent deed, and Sterne moſt religiouſly kept his promiſe.

How few are there who approach the death bed, ſolicitous for ſuch legacies!

Sheriff's and Conſtables's Bonds
To ſtay Deſtraining for Rents, for ſale at this Office.

MAGNANIMITY.

The reſpectable Malaret was in his priſon repoſing himſelf upon his bed of grief, when he heard a terrible cry from an adjoining chamber; he aroſe, and walked as faſt as his great age would permit to the chamber of the unhappy priſoner from whence it proceeded---and whom did he there ſee but Lebois,* who had been brought to priſon that morning, and to whom they had forgotten to bring the ordinary ration of proviſions---Hunger tormented horribly, and drew from him piercing cries as excited the attention and pity of *M*alaret. It was in vain that he repreſented to him at this late hour (10 o'clock at night) they would bring him nothing to eat: Lebois looked at him with eyes wild as fire and then began to howl like a wild beaſt---Come with me, ſaid the old man, I can give you ſomething to comfort you; he took him by his arm and led him to his chamber, where he opened a ſmall cloſet and ſaid to him, there is what is left of my dinner, one half of a chicken, a piece of bread, and half a bottle of good old wine; eat, drink, and leave the reſt to Providence. Lebois devoured all in the twinkling of an eye, and was going to thank his benefactor, when he addreſſed him in a ſolemn tone: Do you know citizen Lebois, in what chamber you are? No, anſwered he, cooly. You are in the chamber of that unhappy king you ſo cruelly———. There is the place where hung the crucifix, that was his only conſolation in his long ſufferings. There is the door where he uſed to go to ſee his wife and children; and there is the door through which he was conducted to the ſcaffold! Well! what is all that to me, anſwered Lebois. And do you know to whom you are ſpeaking? I ſpeak to a brave man who has juſt given me ſomething to eat, that has ſaved me from ſtarving---but I know no more. You are ſpeaking to *M*alaret, archdeacon of Paris---one of thoſe men you have never ceaſed to perſecute as ſo many tigers, traitors, and conſpirators. You ſpeak to a man whom you---you perſonally have twice tried to aſſaſſinate, and this ſame man eſteems himſelf happy to have rendered you a ſmall ſervice at the expence of loſing his dinner to-morrow.

* *This Lebois was one of the blood-thirſty monſters of Robeſpierre's reign.*

A very remarkable Anecdote.

In the Duke Sully's Memoirs, book the tenth, there is a remarkable account concerning the lady of the Conſtable of France, then (in the year 1599) in the flower of her age, and ſuppoſed to be one of the moſt beautiful women in Europe. The account was given by ſeveral ladies who were then at her houſe. She was converſing cheerfully with them in her cloſet, when one of her women came in, who ſeemed to be under great emotion, and ſaid, "My lady, a gentleman has entered your anti-chamber, who is very tall and quite black, and deſires to ſpeak with you. He ſays it is on affairs of great conſequence, which he cannot communicate to any but *you*. At every circumſtance relating to this extraordinary courier, which the woman was ordered to deſcribe minutely, the lady was ſeen to turn extremely pale, & was ſo oppreſſed with horror, that ſhe was hardly able to tell her woman, to intreat him in her name, to defer his viſit to another time: this meſſage ſhe delivered; but he anſwered in a tone which filled her with aſtoniſhment, "If your lady will not come to me, I will go & ſeek her in her cloſet." At laſt ſhe reſolved to go to him: but with all the marks of deep deſpair. In a ſhort time ſhe returned to her company, bathed with tears, and half dead with diſmay. She was able only to ſpeak a few words to take leave of them: particularly the three ladies who were her friends, and aſſure them ſhe ſhould never ſee them more:---that inſtant ſhe was ſeized with exquiſite pains: all her beauty was gone. Every feature of her face was changed; and ſhe became a ſpectacle of horror. At the end of three days ſhe died in the utmoſt agonies both of body and mind.

Of a Counſellor famed for his Eloquence and Covetouſneſs.

A certain counſellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetouſneſs, and who ſeldom conſidered the goodneſs of the cauſe that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was conſulted by a notorious robber, who promiſed him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader ſo dexterouſly managed, that he ſaved the rogue from the gallows: & the client, to ſhew his gratitude to his good friend, as ſoon as freed, haſtened to his houſe, and preſented him with a thouſand crowns:---the counſellor, in return to ſo generous a client, ſolicited the favor of his company to ſupper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The gueſt aroſe in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hoſpitable hoſt, and without ceremony bound and gagged him---re-pocketed his thouſand crowns, and broke open a cheſt, in which he found plenty of ſilver and gold, with which (after wiſhing him a good night) he marched off in triumph. If we ſcreen a villian at the expence of our conſcience, from law and juſtice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

The Generous Peaſant.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an exceſſive fall of ſnow from the Alps, followed by a ſpeedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the houſe of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, & who, with his whole family, thus remained impriſoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of deſtruction. They were diſcovered from the banks, ſtretching forth their hands, ſcreaming and imploring ſuccour, while fragments of this remaining arch was continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was preſent, held out a purſe of a hundred ſequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the riſk was ſo great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the ſtream, of being daſhed againſt the fragments of the bridge, or of being cruſhed by the falling ſtones, that not one, in the vaſt number of ſpectators, had courage enough to attempt ſuch an exploit. A peaſant paſſing along, was informed of the propoſed reward. Immediately jumped into a boat, he, by ſtrength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family ſafely deſcended by a rope, 'Courage,' cried he, 'now you are ſafe.' By a ſtill more ſtrenuous effort, and great ſtrength of arm, he brought the boat and family to ſhore. 'Brave fellow! exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purſe to him, 'here is the promiſed recompence.' 'I ſhall never expoſe my life for money,' anſwered the peaſant, 'my labor is a ſufficient livelihood for myſelf, my wife and children; give the purſe to this poor family, who has loſt all.'

Count Dillon, commander of the Iriſh Brigade, at the ſiege of Savannah, being anxious to ſignalize his Regiment, propoſed a reward of 100 guineas, to the firſt of his granadiers that ſhould plant a faſcine in the foſſe, which was expoſed to the whole fire of the gariſon. Not one offered to advance. The Count in a paroxyſm of diſappointment, began to upbraid them with cowardice.—The ſergeant major nobly replied, had you not held out a ſum of money as the reward, all would have preſented themſelves. They did ſo inſtantly, and out of 194, of which that company conſiſted, only 90 returned alive.

COMPLACENCY.

Among the many advantages ariſing from cultivated ſentiment, one of the firſt and moſt truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind, which leads us to conſult the feelings of thoſe with whom we live, by ſhewing a diſpoſition to gratify them, as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They muſt, indeed, have attended little to what paſſes in the world, who do not know the importance of this diſpoſition; who have not obſerved that the want of it often poiſons the domeſtic happineſs of families, whoſe felicity every other circumſtance concurs to promote.

Melancholy Event.---We underſtand that a few days ſince, George W. Morriſon, late of Madiſon county, and firſt lieutentent in the U. States' army, was unfortunately killed in Richmond in this ſtate---His brother was in an adjoining room, with a gun in his hand, which he ſuppoſed empty (perhaps going through the manual exerciſe.) The gun went off by accident, and the ball paſſing through a plank partition which ſeparated the rooms, put a period to the exiſtence of lieut. Morriſon. In the death of this amiable young man, the United States have loſt an officer, whoſe urbanity of manners united with a cool and determined bravery, would have done honor to any ſtation in which he might have been placed. His friends will long deplore his death, whilſt the manner of it will add poignancy to their grief.

Kentucky paper.

Clerk's, Sheriff's & Conſtable's Bonds

Required under the Execution Law, paſſed at the laſt Seſſion of Aſſembly—Alſo, CERTIFICATES for the payment of coſt & charges

For Sale at the Office of the Viſitor.

MARIA ARNOLD.

A TALE—*Founded on Fact.*

O Thou! who ſleep'ſt where hazle bands entwine
The vernal graſs, with paler violets dreſt,
I would, ſweet girl! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine, thy calm and enviable reſt.
For never more, by human ills oppreſt,
Shall thy ſoft ſpirit fruitleſsly repine:
Thou canſt not now thy fondeſt hope reſign
Even in the hour that ſhould have made thee bleſt.
Light lies the turf upon thy "gentle breaſt;
And lingering here, to love and ſorrow true,
The youth, who once thy ſimple heart poſſeſt,
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew;
While ſtill for him, ſhall faithful Memory ſave
Thy form and virtues from the ſilent grave.---*Charlotte Smith.*

May 15, 1790.

It is three years ſince I reſided at the village of Ruydſ---le, a few hamlets pictureſquely ſituated on the banks of the rapid Sw---le. Here, under a humble roof, and hard by the village church, dwelt the worthy but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the curate of a ſimple flock, and Maria, the gentle and modeſt Maria, his only daughter. Frederick, when I firſt knew him, was near ſixty, a man of conſiderable judgment, and great ſenſibility of heart; his religion was pure and rational, and his charity extenſive: for although the curacy was but ſmall, yet, by temperance and economy, he contrived to beſtow more than thoſe of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expreſſive, and, when he ſpoke to the diſtreſſed, his eyes beamed a ſweetneſs I ſhall never forget. By this mode of conduct he became the father of the village, not a ſoul within it but would willingly have ſacrificed his happineſs to oblige my amiable friend.---Methinks, I ſee him now walking acroſs the green that ſpreads from the parſonage to the water's ſide; here, if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village aſſemble to ſalute their paſtor, and happy were they who, in return for a few flowers, or any other little teſtimony of their eſteem, received a nod, a ſmile, or phraſe of gratulation. Here alſo would his daughter often come, attendant on her father, whom if, in my veneration for his character, I could accuſe of any fault, it was in a too doating fondneſs for this lovely girl, who, had ſhe not been bleſſed with an excellent diſpoſition, would certainly have been injured by it. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handſome, yet was there a ſoftneſs and expreſſion in her countenance far ſuperior to any regularity of feature; her eyes were dark, full and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but, when rather heated, a delicate ſuffuſion overſpread her cheek; and her perſon, although ſomewhat large, was elegant and well-formed: to theſe external graces were ſuperadded the much more valuable ones of ſuavity of diſpoſition and tenderneſs of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, at the ſufferings of injured beauty, or of graceful heroiſm; her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathſome ſcenes of ſqualid poverty and pale diſeaſe. Behold yon cot, the woodbine winding over its moſſy thatch! how often in that little cot have I ſeen her ſooth the torture of convulſive agony; ſee! one hand ſupports that old man's hoary head; his languid eyes are fixed on hers, and feebly, as the guſhing tear pours down his withered cheek, he bleſſes the compaſſionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of penſive ſolitude, when fled from cares that vex my ſpirit, ever did I call to mind thy modeſt virtues; even now, whilſt muſing on the ſcenes of Ruyſd---le; even now my fancy draws the very room, where, when the evening cloſed the labors of the weary villager, the converſation or the muſic of Maria added rapture to the ſocial hour. It was plain, I remember, but elegant, and ornamented with ſome ſketches of Maria's in aqua tinta; at one end ſtood her harpſichord, & near it a mahogany caſe of well-choſen books; one window looked upon the green, and the other, the upper panes of which were overſpread by the intermingling fibres of a jeſſamine tree, had the view of a large garden, where the fortunate combination of uſe and pictureſque beauty took place under the direction of my friend. Here, the window-ſhutters cloſed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, ſitting in his arm-chair, and the tear of fondneſs ſtarting in his eye, liſten to the melting ſweetneſs of Maria's voice, or converſing on ſubjects of taſte and morality, inſtruct, whilſt he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of theſe ſolitary moments of reflection, when the mind feeds on paſt pleaſure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the firſt opportunity of once more ſeeing my much loved Arnold and his daughter, and it is three weeks ſince, having prepared every thing for the purpoſe, I left my houſe early in the morning; my heart throbbed with impatience; and full of anticipation, I promiſed myſelf much and laſting happineſs. Occupied by theſe flattering ideas, I arrived on the afternoon of the third day within a mile of Ruſd---le. It had been gloomy for ſome time, and during the laſt hour, there fell much and heavy rain, which increaſing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farm houſe within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the maſter of the humble manſion, whom I had known at Ruyſd---le, & for whom I had a ſincere regard; he ſhook me heartily by the hand, and ſate me down to his beſt fare; and having dried my clothes, and taken ſome refreſhment, I told him the purport of my journey, that I had come to ſee the good curate and his daughter. Scarce had I finiſhed the ſentence, when the poor man burſt into tears; "Thomas," I exclaimed, "what is the matter; you alarm me!"

'Ah, your honor! I muſt needs give way to it, elſe my heart would break; we've had ſad work, I'm ſure your honor would never have gotten over it; maſter Arnold'---"What of Arnold, is he ill?" 'No, your honor.' "What then?" 'But Miſs Maria'---"What of her?" 'Miſs Maria, your honor, poor Miſs Maria, is to be buried to-morrow morning; there is not a dry eye in the village; ſhe was ſo kind and charitable to the poor, and ſpoke ſo ſweetly, that we all loved her as if ſhe had been our own child. Ah! many a time and oft have I ſeen her weep when poor folks were diſtreſſed and ill. Thomas, would ſhe ſay, for ſhe often came down, your honor, when my wife lay badly, Thomas, how does Mary do? don't be out of ſpirits, for that with my nurſing & yours---Thomas, ſhe'll ſoon be better. And then ſhe would ſit down by the bed-ſide and ſpeak ſo ſweetly that I cannot help crying when I think on't. God knows! ſhe has been cruelly dealt by, and, if your honor will give me leave, I'll tell you all about it.' I bowed my head, and the farmer went on with his relation. 'About a twelve month after your honor left us, 'Squire Stafford's lady, of H---t---n hall died, and the young Miſs being melancholy for want of company, Miſs Maria went to ſtay there ſome time; they were faſt friends and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young 'Squire, who came from college on his mother's death, & who, to ſay the truth, is the handſomeſt and beſt natured gentleman I ever ſet my eyes on, what ſhould he do but fall in love with Miſs Maria, and wanted to marry her; but the old gentleman, as I heard, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me! I believe is no better than he ſhould be, fell into a violent paſſion, and ſtamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promiſe not to think any thing more about it. So all remained quiet for a great while; but Miſs Maria was not forgot, your honor, for whilſt ſhe was upon a ſecond viſit at the 'Squire's, about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off, but the ſervants were too nimble for them, and they were brought back again, and then there were ſad doings indeed: Miſs Maria fell into fits; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with his father, was ſent to Dover the next morning, and ordered to embark for France. A very ſhort time, your honor, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miſs Maria was diſcovered to be with child, and the 'Squire, in ſpite of all the tears and entreaties of his daughter, turned Miſs Maria out of doors, nor would he let her have the chaiſe, but locking up Miſs Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herſelf, and, and, your honor knows, it is ten long miles. All this was done in ſuch a hurry that no body knew of it here: & one fine ſunſhiny evening, as we were dancing upon the green before the parſonage-houſe, for it was always our cuſtom, as your honor knows, a young woman very neatly dreſſed appeared at one end of the village; ſhe was faint and weary, and ſitting herſelf down began to cry; we all left off dancing and went to ſee what was the matter: but, alas! who ſhould it be but poor Miſs *Maria*,---oh, I ſhall never forget it the longeſt day I have to live; her hands were claſped together, and her eyes were turned towards heaven; ſhe looked like an angel, your honor; we none of us could ſpeak to her, but we all wept, and then ſhe gave a great ſigh and fell upon the ground. But, alack-a-day! whilſt we were endeavoring to bring *Miſs Maria* to life again, ſomebody having told *Mr.* Arnold, he came running breathleſs and almoſt diſtracted to the place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he looked upon her in ſuch a manner, and then upon us, and then towards heaven, that it almoſt broke our

hearts, for he could not ſpeak; but juſt at this moment Miſs Maria opened her eyes, and ſeeing her father, ſhe ſhrieked and fell into ſtrong fits; he ſtarted, and catching her haſtily up, ran towards the parſonage, and here, the fits continuing, ſhe miſcarried. As for poor *Mr.* Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept and took on ſorely that we thought he would never have got the better of it. 'O my *Maria!*' he ſaid, you have killed your poor father, you have bowed him with ſorrow to the grave;' and then he kneit down by the bed-ſide; forſake me not, my God!" he cried, 'in mine old age, when I am grey-headed, forſake me not when my ſtrength faileth me! He then got up to comfort *Miſs Maria*, but ſhe would not be comforted, and kept crying, her dear father could not forgive her; but he ſaid he could, and kiſſed her, and then ſhe wept a great deal, and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parſonage, and there was not a ſingle ſoul, your honor, but what was in tears; we all put up our prayers for her, but they would not do, ſhe never got the better of it; ſhe every day grew worſe, and would ſometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then ſhe would fall down upon her knees and aſk forgiveneſs of poor *Mr.* Arnold, who was almoſt diſtracted at the ſight; but it is all over, your honor, ſhe is now at reſt; and may Heaven reward her as ſhe deſerves!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE COMPASSIONATE TAR.

Farmer Clover rented a few acres of arable on the road to Portſmouth. The ſign of plenty was in his round chubby face, and his heart was like his own granary, ſtored with *good* for his fellow creatures; when the tale of misfortune opened the one, his hand was always ready to unlock the other; his neighbours reſpected him, his ſervants loved him, and [illegible] cattle even knew their kind maſter, for there was not a cow without her comforts, nor a pig without his perquiſites of peaſe and porridge; his mind was a noble paſture, on which hundreds of poor had fed.

Farmer Clover was an Iſle of Wight man; and, tho' a little provincial, his dialect will ſerve to ſhew that the language of the heart may be always underſtood.

One day, the good farmer obſerved a horſe of his team a little lame; his ſon Bob was driving. 'Odd ratt'n, poor thing, be'nt lame, be't? It be lame, ſure enough. Wo! Wo!! gently, Bob. Odd ratt'e, if you driv'um hard, I'll lick'e, I wull: Bob, I'll lick'e. Odd ratt'e, I'll kick'e, I wull: tak'n hoam, tak'n hoam.' poor thing, tak'n hoam: Such a heart had honeſt Clover.

Living on the Portſmouth road, many a diſtreſſed tar had the good farmer relieved; but he was himſelf to meet with misfortunes: his crops failed, he fell ſick too, and, what was worſe, his wife, a kind good creature, fell ſick at the ſame time: every thing went wrong. The honeſt farmer was compelled to part with his ſtock. Soon after he died, and died inſolvent.

Out of theſe circumſtances ariſe an affecting tale: in which, though the oddity of its characters may ſometimes occaſion a ſmile, it will, at the ſame time, be accompanied by a ſenſation that will do homage to human nature.

About ſix months after the death of honeſt farmer Clover, the Arethuſa frigate was paid off at Portſmouth. *Bill Gaſket*, a thorough bred ſeaman, and captain of the forecaſtle, and honeſt *Teddy O'Roſin*, *Jack* of the bread room, and *fidler* to the ſhip's company, agreed, that as ſoon as they ſhould have done at the pay-table, they would go on ſhore, and ſhip themſelves on board a one horſe chaiſe for a cruiſe on a roving commiſſion. Bill was to *cun* this, as they called it, *foreign* rigged veſſel, and Teddy was to ſteer. Bill did his part like a ſeaman: 'Steady—port a little—ſtarboard—ſteady as you go now,' and every now and then Bill made his meſmate haul in the ſtarboard or larboard fore-top ſail braces; for ſo he called the reins.

They had not proceeded far on their cruiſe, before Bill ſhallooed out, 'Avaſt!—I ſay, ſhipmate, ſhorten ſail will ye, and get ready the beſt bower. Split me but I know the loaming of the land hereabouts. Let me ſee: the church and the finger-poſt in one, that'll do. Do you know, Teddy, that about three years ago I brought up in a hard gale under bare poles, in a ſnug roadſtead to leeward: an honeſt farmer, who lived ſomewhere about three points on the lee bow, finding the ſhip on ſhort allowance, ſupplied me with plenty of freſh beef and ſoft tommy. Split me but I muſt go and ſee him. It ſhall never be ſaid that an Engliſh tar is ungrateful. Make the ſignal for a pilot, Teddy; back the main top ſail; ſtand clear of the cable; Let go the anchor.' Bill now hailed a countryman paſſing by; 'I ſay, ſhipmate, tell us a good birth to moor hereabouts, will ye?' the countryman only anſwered 'Nan?' as did ſeveral others—'By my ſoul,' cried Teddy, 'but a gontleman might as well now be caſt away among a parcel of ſavages on an *uninhabited* iſland.'

Preſently Bill moored the chaiſe to a tree; though in fact, he had no occaſion to be afraid of the horſe running away, for *their* animal had the contrary habit...it was very fond of ſtanding ſtock ſtill.

At length the two ſhipmates drew near the farmer's houſe, and found a crowd of the neighbours collected round the door. 'Holloa!' cried Bill, 'all hands to muſter, I ſee. I ſay ſhipmate,' to a country boy, 'what's going on here?' The boy anſwered, that poor farmer Clover was dead, and that there was an execution in his houſe, and a diſtreſs for rent from the landlord. 'Shiver my timbers!' cried Bill, 'ſtand clear of the gangway here—ſcaldings—I ſtand to no repairs—Farmer Clover dead, and his poor widow in diſtreſs, dam'me that's too much!' Bill was preſently in the parlour-kitchen. where he found the poor diſconſolate widow ſurrounded by her little ones, all of them in tears, except one, who lay ſmiling in its cradle, unconſcious of this pelting ſtorm of adverſity.

The good woman did not recollect the honeſt tar, although, while her huſband had furniſhed his pocket, ſhe had filled his belly.

Two officers were ſeated at the table taking an inventory; two ravenous hard hearted brutes, ſurly and rapacious.

Bill ſtood ſcratching his head under the ſide of his chip hat, taking an obſervation of all that was going on. At length he ſpoke to one of the officers: 'I ſay, ſhipmate, whoſe watch is it on deck? Who's at the helm here? How's the weather? rather ſqually or ſo—the wind right in our teeth, a heavy ſea from the offing, and the breakers cloſe under the lee; what's to be done, hey?'

'Done! what's that to you? Mind your own buſineſs, that's all,' anſwered the officer, going on at the ſame time very coolly to complete the inventory.

'And pray now,' cried Teddy, 'do you mean to be civil or not, by that impertinent anſwer of yours, honey?' 'I ſay Old Beachy,' continued Bill, 'why you ſeem to be getting on eleven knots an hour. Come, come, none of your half-laughs and quarter-grins, tell us how the courſe lies, will ye?'

'I tell you again, 'tis nothing to you,' replied the officer.

'What, you won't tell us the leeway and variation, Old Dungeneſs? Dam'me but you're one of the king's hard bargains: I'll hail your ſhipmate here. I ſay, old one, are you loblolly boy, or captain's ſweeper?'

'By my ſoul now,' cried Teddy, 'but there are a pare of them, as the divil ſaid to his elbows. Oh, by Saint Patrick, if I had you now at little Ballinahack, where the bad butter comes from, but I'd make ye dance like a couple of hens on a hot griddle.'

'Come Mr. Paddy,' replied one of them, 'leave us to our duty: you're not to be a dictator to us!'

'A digtater!! You big tief, what d'ye mean by that?'

The officer ſaid, that if he ſtruck him he ſhould take the law.

'By my ſoul, and the ſooner you take the law and yourſelf away too the better. We've had enough of it here, honey.'

It was in vain that the honeſt ſailor inquired, in his language, what would anſwer the diſtreſs, or, as he termed it, *purchaſe the anchor?* The officer not at all pleaſed at his interruptions, only proceeded more harſhly in what they called their duty; and one of them approached the cradle in which the little infant was placed, took it out, and laid it *rudely* on the floor, that he might take the very bedding on which it had repoſed.

Bill ſtared firſt at the widow, next at the child, and, and while he rubbed his eyes with the back of one hand, the other went to his pocket. '*Dam'me*,' cried he, '*here's pay out of the prize-money.*'

Bill threw his purſe on the table. 'There, will that bring up the leeway, old *Nipcheeſe?* Will that *pall* the capſtan, old *Belzebub?*'

'Why, you cankankerous tief, an't you aſhamed now to be trating the poor little cratur after that faſhion?——

To be ſure, but Teddy knows what it is to be poor himſelf, for he was born without a ſhoe to his foot, and fait he has pretty nearly remained ſo ever ſince, honey.'

The honeſt tar watched the officer the whole time he was giving a receipt; and the moment he had got it in his pocket, went to the little infant on the floor: he ſurveyed it for a moment.

It was the picture of compaſſion!

The brave tar took the babe gently between his rough hands, laid it ſoftly again on its bed, and covered it up as tenderly as its mother could have done.

He began to triumph.

'Now——*Now, ye lubbers, let me ſee you touch but a clue of his hammock!*'

Humorous.

THE FRENCH SWIMMER.

Among the Pariſian refugees who lately came to Dieppe, in their way to England, was a Monſieur D———, who arrived at the above port late in the evening, and, finding the packet would not ſail until early the enſuing morning, he ſent his trunk on board, and retired to reſt at his inn, with a promiſe from the captain that he ſhould be called previous to the ſailing of the veſſel. In the hurry, however, poor Mr. D——— was forgotten, and the packet of courſe got under way without him. It was day-light before he awoke, when, on enquiry, he found, to his inexpreſſible mortification, that ſhe had put to ſea full three hours. He ran immediately to the beach, but the fog which prevailed, utterly prevented his even obtaining a tranſient glimpſe of her ſails. Notwithſtanding it rained in a moſt violent degree, a waterman undertook, for an additional reward, to follow the packet: about two leagues diſtance from Dieppe the boat came along ſide of her, and poor Monſieur D——— immediately got on board completely wet to the ſkin, as if he had been ducked.

The captain, on ſeeing him enter the cabin, was thunder-ſtruck with his appearance, and requeſted to know, how in the name of wonder he came from land?---Monſieur D. inſiſted that he ſwam on board; and ſhewed his wet cloaths in proof of his aſſertion. The captain in vain attempted to diſcover the boat, which was returning, on account of the fog which ſtill continued. After complimenting his paſſenger on his extraordinary abilities as a wonderful ſwimmer, he waved taking the ſum agreed on for his paſſage, and in due time they landed at Brighton. The following day the captain dined with a party of gentlemen, the converſation happened to turn on ſwimming, and one of the company offered a bet of two hundred guineas that he had a ſervant would beat any man in England at that exerciſe; the wager was immediately accepted by the commander of the packet, who went in ſearch of Monſieur D. He ſtarted at the propoſal, conſcious that he could not take a ſingle ſtroke; underſtanding however that the wager was play or pay, & that if he ſucceeded he ſhould have one hundred guineas for himſelf, he conſented, and the following morning, at five o'clock, was fixed on for the trial of ſkill. All parties were at the place by the appointed time, except Monſieur D. After waiting ſome time they obſerved him ſtriding towards them in an enormous pair of fiſherman's boots, drawn cloſe around his thigh, a large oil ſkin great coat, ſtrapped about his waiſt, and his hat tied under his chin with a ſilk handerchief, and under his right arm he carried a ſmall box. On their deſiring him to draw off his boots and undreſs, he replied, "Veritable, me vill not, I do alvaiſe take de long journey in de boots and des habits."---The devil you do!" exclaimed his opponent.---"Let him alone (replied the captain of the packet) I have been a witneſs of what he can perform." "But ſurely you do not mean to ſwim with that box?" Begar, but me do," was the anſwer, "vat you take me for one grand fool, to ſwim all de vay from Brighton to Dieppe, without eat or drink," and opening the box, diſcovered, to the no ſmall amazement of all preſent, a cold roaſted chicken, a pint of wine, and a French roll. On ſeeing this, his opponent poſitively declined the conteſt, ſwearing by G—d, that he could be no man, but the devil himſelf in diſguiſe, and if he ventured would certainly drown him.

A learned and ingenious clergyman of the church of England, who though born in France, has a living in the north of England, was complained of by his pariſhioners (who perhaps did not like to pay their tythes) as not ſpeaking very intelligibly *in the pulpit*: He one day, on coming out of the church (where he had then been doing his duty) aſked many of his pariſhioners to come & dine with him, which they all did at the firſt aſking. After dinner the miniſter told them how happy he was to have had the honor of their company; "but, gentlemen," ſaid he, "you complain that you don't underſtand me *in the pulpit*, yet by the favor you have done me to-day, in partaking of my dinner, you muſt be completely perſuaded that you perfectly well underſtand *me out of it*."

Lord Albemarle being ſpoken to by Lord P—— to ſolicit the king for the green ribband, his lordſhip took the firſt opportunity to preſent Lord P——'s humble duty to the king, and aſk the favor:---"What, give him a ribband?" ſays his majeſty; a fellow that has always been voting againſt the court? How could you aſk it, Albemarle?"---"Sire," ſays my lord, "he means to be more grateful for your majeſty's favors in future."---Well, well, I don't care for that; he's a *puppy*---a mere puppy, and ſhall not have it." The king having ſaid this, was turning on his heel, when Albemarle aſked him what anſwer he ſhould return Lord P—— "Tell him he's a puppy!" "Well, but, ſire, admitting this, 'tis a puppy ſincerely inclined to *follow his maſter*."---"Aye" ſays the king, "are you ſure of that?" "Perfectly ſo ſire,"---"Why then," ſays his majeſty, "let the *puppy have his collar*."

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS,

Of the late M. De Chamfort, member of the French Academy, of Madame Necker, and others.

A printſeller wanted to ſell at an exorbitant price the portrait of Madame la Motte (of necklace memory,) who had been whipt and branded on the ſcaffold four days before, and gave for reaſon that the print was taken before the letter-preſs.

Viſcount S. once met *M.* de V. and ſaid to him, "Is it true, Sir, that in a houſe where I am thought to be witty, you ſaid I had no wit at all?" *M.* de V. anſwered, "*My* lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter, I never was in any houſe where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occaſion to tell any body you had no wit at all."

Thoſe perſons who enter into long printed juſtifications before the public, appear to me like dogs which run yelping after a poſt-chaiſe.

"From whence the phraſe---*learn to die?* ſaid a young lady, "I perceive that people ſucceed very well the firſt time."

A man of moderate fortune undertook to aſſiſt an unfortunate gentleman who was left in want by two rich nobleman who had formerly been his intimate friends; the particulars of the affair were told to him with its aggravating circumſtances relative to the two nobleman. He anſwered quietly:---"How do you think the world could ſubſiſt if poor people were not continually employed in doing the good which the rich neglect, and in mending the evils which they commit?"

A French nobleman had been in love with a lady of high rank who treated him with contempt. He became prime miniſter; ſhe ſtood in need of him, and he reminded her of her rigour. "Ah! my lord," ſaid ſhe ingenuouſly, "who could have foreſeen this!"

MARRIAGE.

When Reaſon takes Love's willing hand,
And Hymen joins the ſacred band,
Then, only then, the price we give,
For which the wife may wiſh to live.

Married—On the 15th ult. at Peterſburg, Mr. *James F. Lockhead*, Merchant, to Miſs *Lucy Ann Jones*, daughter of Gen. Joſeph Jones—all of that place.

DEATHS.

Here read! and, reading, realize your fate!
Your time a moment, and your breath a blaſt!
The iſſue certain, nor remote the date;
'Here lies the body!' is inſcribing faſt.

Died---On the 18th ult. the hon. *Joſeph Prentis*, of Williamſburgh, late a judge of the General Court, aged 57 years.

——On the 19th ult. in this city, Mr. *Richard Smyth*, late of N. York, formerly an inhabitant of this place.

——On the 21ſt ult. Mr. *Robert Davis*, a much eſteemed and reſpected inhabitant of this city.

Died---At Ramsgate (England) the honorable *John Murry*, Earl of Dunmore, Governor of Virginia previous to the Revolution.

Original Poetry.

TO THE VISITOR.

Ah! why am I doom'd to adore
A nymph that no paſſion can move,
Who, wrapt in ſophiſtical lore,
Defies the keen arrows of love,
Of whom, while remov'd from my ſight,
No tidings of comfort tranſpire;
For ſhe it too formal to write,
And I am too nice to inquire.

Then go, gentle VISITOR, go,
And tell her what ills I indure;
What ſadneſs I ſuffer, what wo,
Which ſhe and ſhe only can cure.
Remind her of all the warm ſighs
I've breath'd in her ſtoical ear;
The tender expreſſions my eyes
Have dropt of a paſſion ſincere;

The hope-kindled gleam of delight,
Her ſmile o'er my aſpect has thrown;
The ſorrowful look of affright,
Which often has follow'd her frown;
The mellower tone of my voice,
While mingled with hers in the glee,
When ſoul ſeem'd with ſoul to rejoice
At holding communion ſo free.

Then aſk her, were Fate to declare
Our feelings inverted ſhould be,
If ſhe uncomplaining could bear
To be ſo neglected by me.
But look for no anſwer, I pray,
Excepting a ſmile or a frown;
For what ſhe's diſpoſed to ſay,
Muſt *viſit* no eye but my own. Q.

FOR THE VISITOR.

A PASTORAL.

Since Damon inconſtant is grown,
Now fortune encreaſes his ſtore;
And leaves his Lucinda to mourn,
Becauſe ſhe 's humble and poor.

No more I'll appear on the plain,
Nor the cauſe will I ever relate;
But far from the vilage remain,
And in ſilence weep over my fate.

Ah why does my boſom thus beat!
Why the form he ſo flatter'd thus fade!
He ſurely deſerves no regret,
Who can falſely forſake a weak maid.

Let it ne'er in my abſence be told,
The ſorrow with which I withdrew;
For he that could leave me for gold,
Would jeſt at a maiden ſo true.

Adieu then ungenerous ſwain,
Thy form from my boſom I'll tear,
If ever thou ſee'ſt me again,
It ſhall be when I'm laid on my bier. Z.

TO ****

Maid of the heaving breaſt and ſmiling eye,
What dire enchantment binds my ſoul to thee?
In vain, in vain, I heave the burning ſigh,
In vain alas! I ſtruggle to be free.

Altho' thou art more lovely than the morn,
Thy voice too ſweeter than the ſyren's ſong,
Thou'lt plunge thy follower in grief forlorn,
Then go; with ſelf complacent ſmiles along.

Attractive as thou art, the bolt of heav'n
Ne'er flew ſo mortal thro' the tainted ſky,
As do thy poiſon'd ſhafts! my heart they're riv'n,
The wretch who feels them muſt deſpair and die.

The ſtorms which ſweep the billowy ocean,
Are not ſo certain harbingers of death,
And Circe's cup contain'd no potion,
So fatal, Syren! as thy breath.

The fragrant roſe ſmiles on the vermil lip,
But how envenom'd is its bloom!
What bee, ſeduc'd, that roſe's ſweets would ſip,
Will find a dreadful thorn and fatal doom.

So ſmiles the mermaid! ſo her ſmile beguiles
Her dupe ſo follows where ſhe leads the way;
He dreams of pleaſures, di'monds, choral iſles!
But wake no more to happineſs a day.

Maid of the vermil lip and ſmiling eye,
What dire enchantment binds my ſoul to thee?
In vain I heave the burſting ſigh,
In vain, alas! I ſtruggle to be free. LLABEC.

DESPONDENCY,

An Ode.

The falling leaf, the lowering ſky,
That mark th' approaching tempeſt nigh,
The deep tremendous thunders craſh,
And ſtreaming light'nings vivid flaſh;
Are ſcenes that wake to energy the mind,
To deep deſpondency reſigned.

The ſwollen floods, that foaming pour
O'er the high rocks, with deafning roar:
Nights when the dark tempeſtuous clouds,
The moon, in partial darkneſs ſhrouds:
Theſe are the ſcenes, that pleaſe the mind
To long deſpondency reſigned.

The charms of ſpring, the blooming vales,
Or odorif'rous ſcented gales;
The ſtream that ſlowly murm'ring flows,
On whoſe green bank, the wild flower blows,
Are ſcenes that n'er can rouſe the mind
To deep deſpondency reſigned.

M. M

TO DEATH.

Loſt to each joy, that makes exiſtance dear,
Of hope bereft muſt I ſtill linger hear;
Wou'd death but deign to bend his ſhafts at me,
And from each mental ill my boſom free,
How wou'd my heart where love deſpotic reigns,
Within the monarchs arms forget its pains;
E'en ſcandal there, might point its ſtings in vain,
In that aſſylum they've not power to pain;
The look of proud contempt, th' inſulting ſneer,
Thoſe woes which poverty muſt ſuffer here;
And friendſhip too, that once I hoped to find,
Proves but an ignis-fatuus of the mind.
My tortur'd mind, oh Death aſks thy relief,
Thy aid implores, to mitigate each grief;
Undaunted ſtrike, nor fear to give the blow,
For o'er my lifeleſs form no tear will flow;
No doating parents for their child will mourn,
Or Friendſhip's ſacred tear bedew my urn:
No weeping lover for my fate will grieve,
Or for my tomb the cypreſs garland weave.
Friendleſs, forlorn, my penſive wiſhes bend,
To Thee, whoſe power the wretched can befriend
To Thee, who bids the aching heart repoſe,
And bears the ſoul from all its earthly woes.

M. M.

Selected Poetry.

Whatever Thomas Paine deſerves for ſome of his other works, he has written ſeveral pieces of poetry, and the following is one of them, which his worſt enemies muſt admire.

The reader ſhould be informed that Mr. Paine correſponded with a lady, and fancifully dated his letters from *The Caſtle in the Air*, while ſhe addreſſed her's from *The Little Corner of the World*. For reaſons which he knew not, their intercourſe was ſuddenly ſuſpended, and for ſome time the poet believed his fair friend in obſcurity and diſtreſs: many years afterwards, however, he met her at Paris in the moſt affluent circumſtances, and married to an Engliſh nobleman of diſtinction.---Theſe exquiſite verſes are founded on that occurrence.

From the Caſtle in the Air to the Little Corner of the World.

In the region of clouds where the whirlwinds ariſe,
My caſtle of fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the ſkies,
And the windows with ſun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow ſometimes in its beautiful ſtate,
Enamell'd the manſions around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with garden and ground.

I had grottos and fountains and orange tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had ſweet ſhady groves for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a ſtorm that I felt not had ariſen and roll'd,
While wrapt in a ſlumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning behold,
My caſtle was carried away.

I paſſed over rivers and vallies, and groves,
The world, it was all in review---
I thought of my friends, of their fates, or their loves,
And often—full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful ſcene,
That nature in ſilence had made;
The place was but ſmall---but was ſweetly ſerene,
And chequered with ſun-ſhine and ſhade.

Like a lark from the ſky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view—
When whom ſhall I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmneſs—but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and eaſe,
I felt no more ſorrow or pain;
And the wind coming fair I aſcended the breeze,
And went back with my caſtle again.

A FABLE.

I ſhall not aſk Jean Jacques Rouſſeau,
If birds confabulate or no:
'Tis clear that they are always able
To hold diſcourſe, at leaſt in fable:
And can the child, who knows no better,
Then to interpret by the letter
A ſtory of a cock and bull,
Muſt have a moſt uncommon ſkull.

It chanc'd then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, concerning a deſign
To foreſtall ſweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copſe and grove
Aſſembled on affairs of Love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a Bulfinch, who could boaſt
More years and wiſdom than the moſt,
Expanded, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to ſpeak;
And, ſilence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind:
" My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The ſubject upon which we meet;
I fear we ſhall have winter yet."

A Finch, whoſe tongue knew no controul,
With golden wing and ſatin pole,
A laſt year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
" Methinks the gentleman," quoth ſhe,
" Oppoſite, in the apple tree,
" By his good will would keep us ſingle
Till yonder heav'n and earth ſhould mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I'll marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Red Cap, what ſay you."
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning ſhort round, ſtrutting and ſideling,
Atteſted, glad his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.

Their ſentiments ſo well expreſt,
Influenced mightily all the reſt,
All paired, and each pair built a neſt.
But the birds were thus in haſte,
The leaves came on not quite ſo faſt,
And deſtiny, that ſometimes bears
An April ſtorm on man's affairs,
Not altogether ſmiled on their's.

The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
Now ſhifted eaſt, and eaſt by north,
Bare trees and ſhrubs but ill, you know,
Could ſhelter them from rain and ſnow,
Slipping into their neſts, they paddled,
Themſelves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;
Soon every father bird and mother,
Grew quarrelſome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the leaſt regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And, learned, in future to be wiſer,
Than to neglect a good adviſer.

INSTRUCTION.

' Meſſrs. the tale that I relate
This leſſon ſeems to carry—
Not only chooſe a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.'

TO MARIA.

Come gentle love, whoſe ſmiling form inſpires
Each tender wiſh, all elegant deſires;
Come thou ſoft pow'r, who with *Maria's* charms
Each ſoul enraptures and each boſom warms;
Come with that form, where all are wont to trace
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected grace;
Which angels did with hallow'd hands prepare,
And nature moulded with peculiar care;
Minerva, with her choiceſt gifts inſpir'd
The beauteous plan, which when ſhe heard, admir'd.
And virtuous freedom warm'd with pureſt zeal
Her patriot heart and taught it how to feel.
Come with thoſe eyes where tender pity ſhines,
Where ſoftneſs beams, where joy with love combines;
Where in each glance, as with unconſcious ray,
Bright, glowing genius ever ſeems to play,
If from thoſe orbs ſhould lucid drops e'er flow
For others ſorrows, melt at others woe,
O be it thine in exquiſite employ
To heal each grief and double ev'ry joy.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LYNCH & SOUTHGATE,
Once a Fortnight, at Two Dollars per Annum,
CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING,
Where Printing in General is neatly executed.